

"Engaged his services, Agatha?" asked Sylvia, bewildered.

"Yes, dear. You know I didn't like my lawyer, Wagataff, who, between ourselves, hadn't been quite straight with me. So I thought: Here's \$500 worth of law business going begging, and why shouldn't Tom Darragh have it and be able to start house-keeping with a nest egg in the bank? Only, I'm afraid he must think me a dreadful goose, Sylvia. Because, the first time I went to his office I began contrasting him in my mind with Richard and thinking what a lucky girl you were—and I just broke down and cried. Why—Sylvia?"

For Sylvia was crying, too, and when the cab arrived she had only just begun to explain. She was so remorseful that she did not notice the direction which the cab was taking until it stopped outside Tom's office. And then—

"I can't go in, Agatha. I dare not. I'll write to Tom—"

"Well, now, you just sit still and I'll bring Tom out to you," said Agatha sternly. And when, a minute later, the door opened and Tom came in, Sylvia clung to him, sobbing and repentant.

"O, Tom, what a goose I was. Can you ever forgive me?" she asked.

"One one condition," he answered. "That you marry me next month."

"On one condition," said Sylvia do-
cilely.

"Which is—?"

"That Cousin Agatha shall be
bridesmaid."

THE TALE OF 26 CATS AND THE CHICKENS THAT WERE

Des Moines, Ia., July 8.—A. W. H. Young appeared before Police Judge Utterback today in a state of moist-
ure and stuttering profanity.

"P-p-please, your honor," he said, "I w-w-w-want s-s-something done ab-b-out Edward Robbins' c-c-c-cats."

"Who's Edward Robbins?" de-
manded Utterback.

"He's my n-n-n-neighbor, an' h-h-h-he's a b-b-b-b-bad man."

"How many cats has he?" demand-
ed the court coldly.

"T-t-t-t-t."

"Two?" asked the judge.

"N-n-n-n-no," stuttered Young, "t-t-t-twenty-s-s-s-six."

"What?" cried His Honor. "Do you mean to stand there and tell me that any one man owns twenty-six cats?"

"W-w-w-w-w-well, it's th-th-th-th-
this way, your honor," said Young. "He j-j-j-j-just m-m-m-moved in be-
side m-m-m-me six m-m-m-months
ago, an' then he h-h-h-had only f-f-f-f-four cats and I h-h-h-h-had
n-n-n-n-ninety-seven chickens. N-n-
n-n-now he h-h-h-h-has twenty-six
cats, an' I've only g-g-g-got twenty-
t-t-t-t-two chickens."

"What will I do?" asked the judge,
speaking impartially to Young and
Robbins. "Fine each cat a dollar or
give you leave to drop 'em all in the
river?"

"L-l-l-l-lemme s-s-s-s-soak 'em in
the r-r-r-r-river," said Young, and van-
ished, while Robbins sadly watched
him and mourned for the cats that
soon would be no more.

—o—o—o— SAVED FROM SUNSTROKE



He suffered greatly from the heat.

He needed cooling drink.

He had no coin and so he said,

"I'll touch a friend, I think."

But when he made this small request,

"Lend me a dollar, Bill,"

He suffered no more from the heat,

For it produced a chill.